rades; he simply asked the workers to help them. He ended his story: "This is what happened. Now they will shoot us. You alone can help."

The speeches were brief, and the Soviet passed a resolution declaring a general strike as an expression of the solidarity of St. Petersburg workers with the sailors of Kronstadt. The strike was to begin the next day and was expected to develop into a new general strike throughout Russia. Along with support of the Kronstadt sailors, it was to express the protest of the workers against the introduction of martial law in Poland. Actually, the St. Petersburg workers were striking for Kronstadt as an issue close to them, but the reference to Poland served to stress the broad, national character of the movement.

THE SECOND GENERAL STRIKE

The strike started briskly. I spent the morning of November 2 at the Putilov mills. Their delegates had asked me to attend the meeting, explain the decision of the Soviet to the workers, and help to stop work in a shop that had not joined the general strike in October—a huge boilershop manned by husky unskilled laborers from remote villages. Traditionally, each foreman in that shop recruited men for his team in the village where he had been born. Relations in the shop were paternalistic, and the bearded boilermakers did not mix with other workers.

After the general meeting, the factory committee met to discuss the situation in the boilershop. Some of its members were critical of the delegates who had asked me to handle the dissenting shop. "What will you say to these ruffians? When one addresses them as 'comrades,' they answer, 'The wolf is your comrade.' They threaten to throw the first speaker who comes to their shop into the furnace. We ought to send them our boys with bolts and nuts." And the committee assigned a commando armed with pistols and bolts to accompany me to the entrance of the shop as a precautionary measure.

Work in the boilershop was in full swing. The air was full of the deafening noise of hundreds of hammers. Nobody answered my greeting. Trying to look as self-confident as possible, I walked the whole length of the shop. Near the wall opposite the entrance was a flat, fairly high boiler. I climbed on it, using smaller pieces around it as a ladder, and stood there in full sight of the commando behind the entrance door. A few bearded men approached my stand, and one of them asked me menacingly: